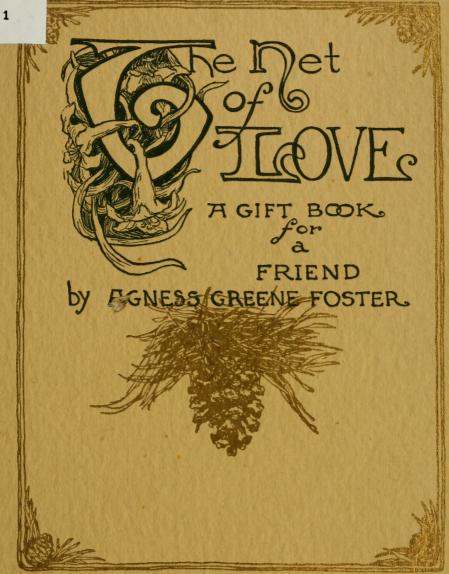
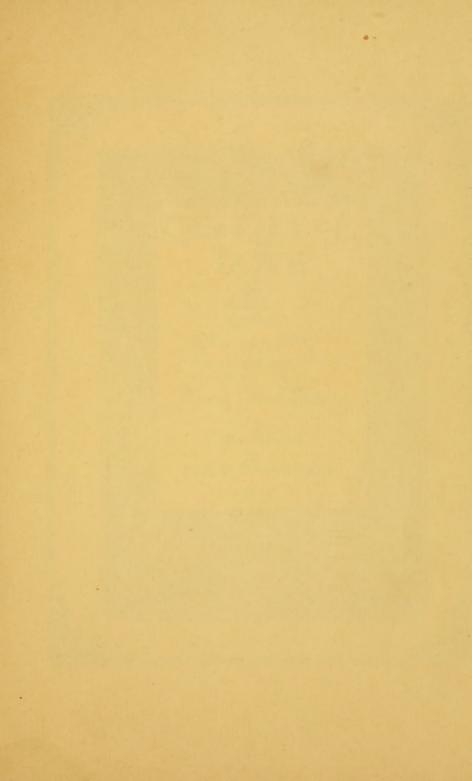
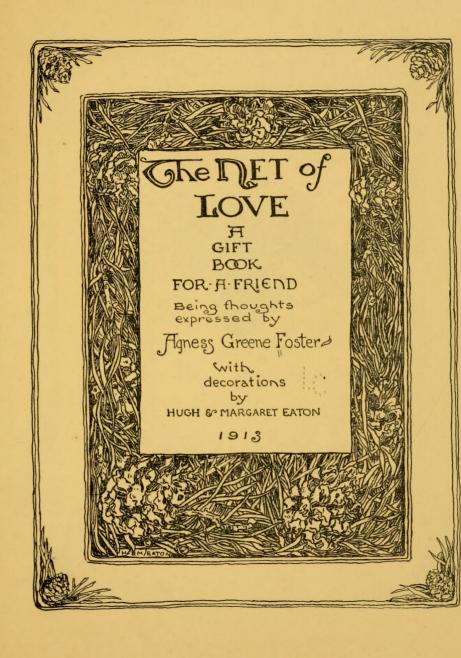
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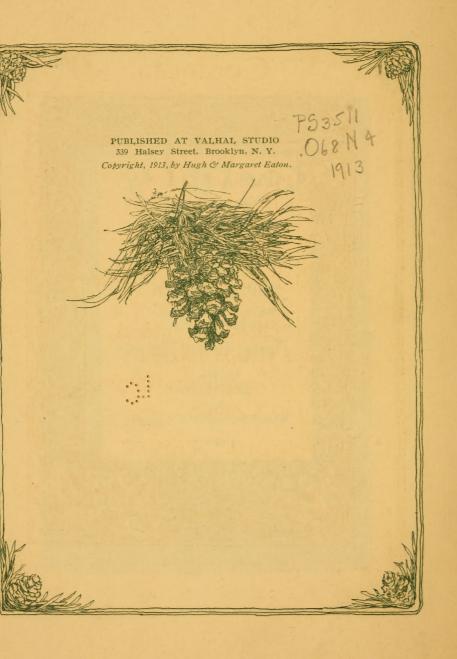




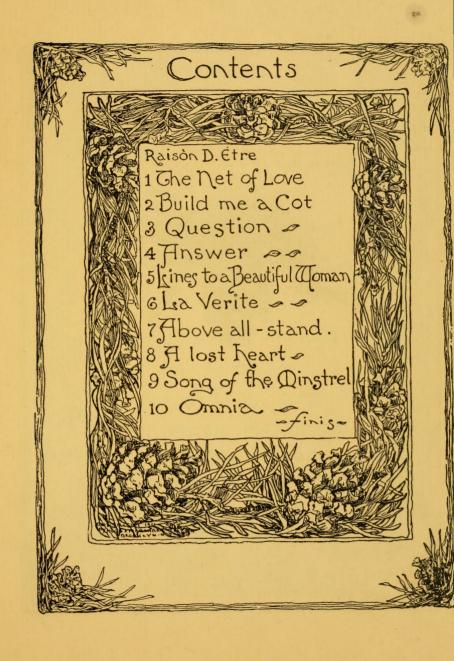


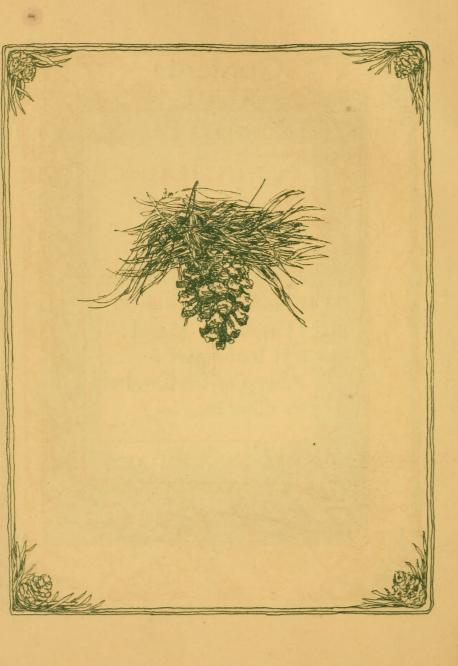


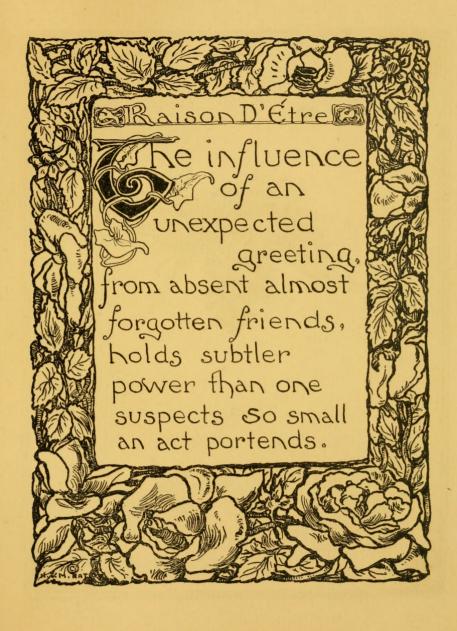


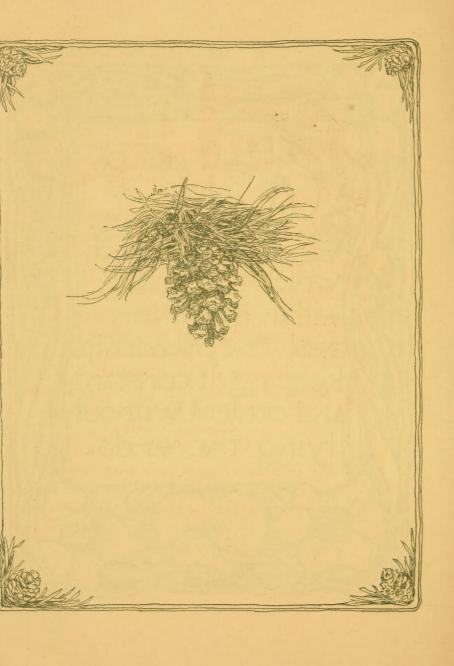


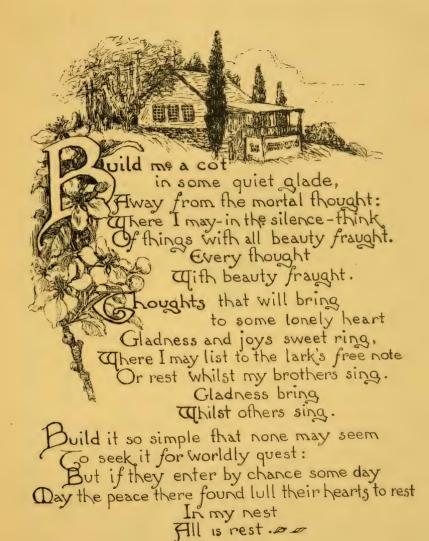
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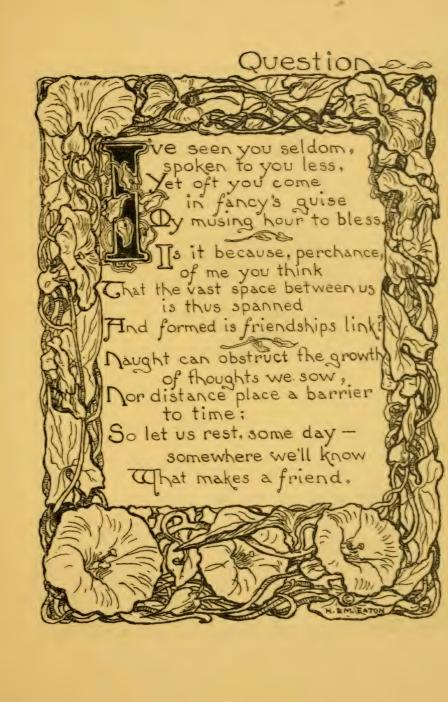










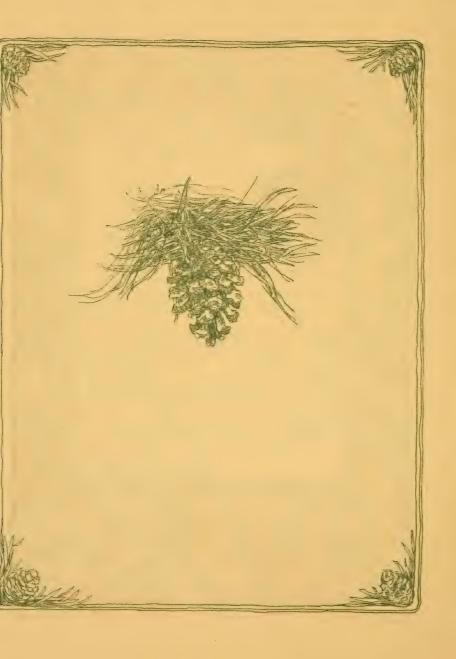


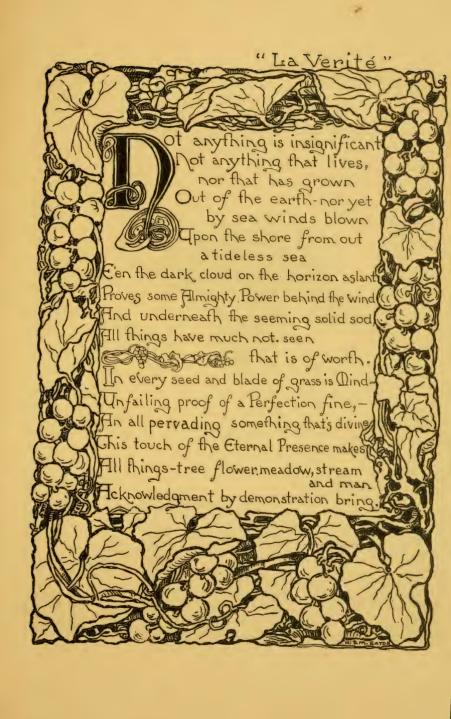




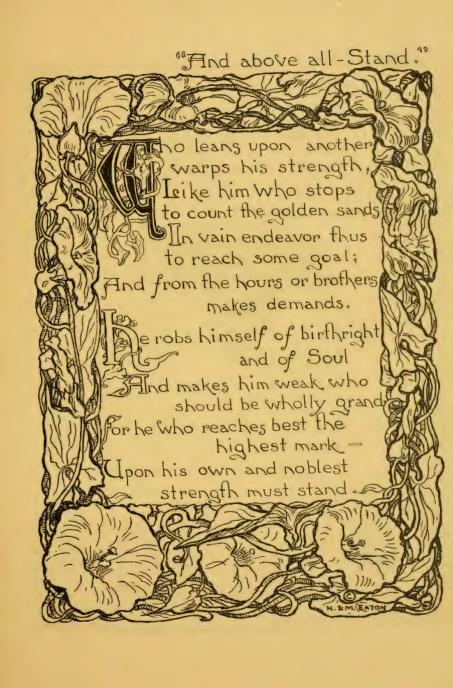




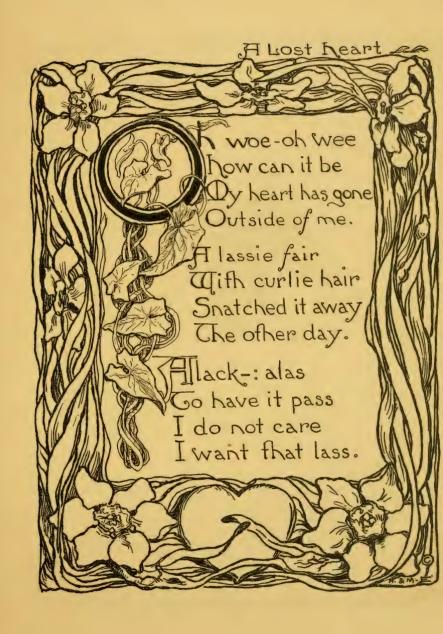


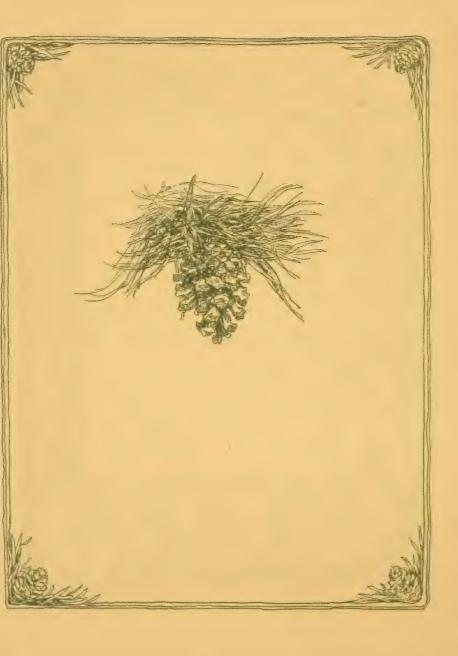


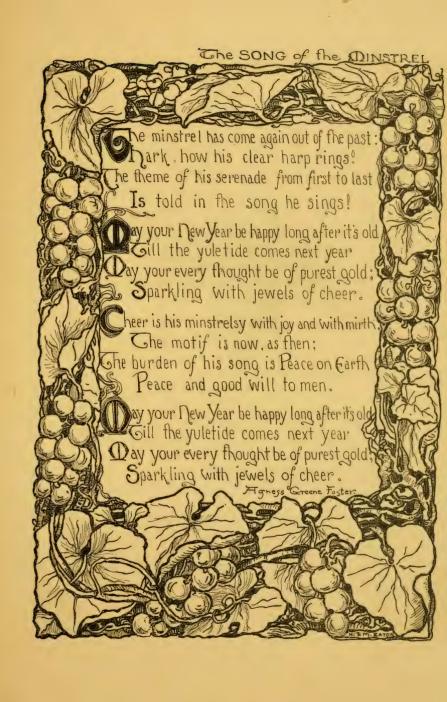


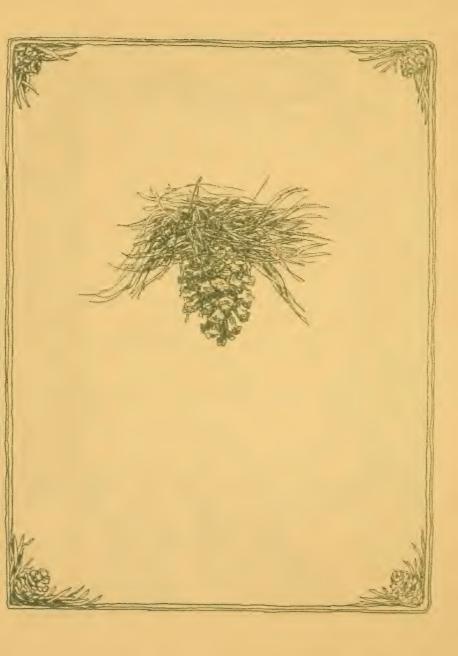












Omnia An angel said-in a dream of mine There's nothing real that is not divine Chen I asked him to tell me what was true Of men and of things in and out of view; Of the sky, the sea and the mighty rock, Of thunder and storm and the lightening shock! Mis answer strange had a ring that was true There is no me, said he no you; Chere's nothing real here neither man nor stone There's nothing real but God Just God Alone!"





